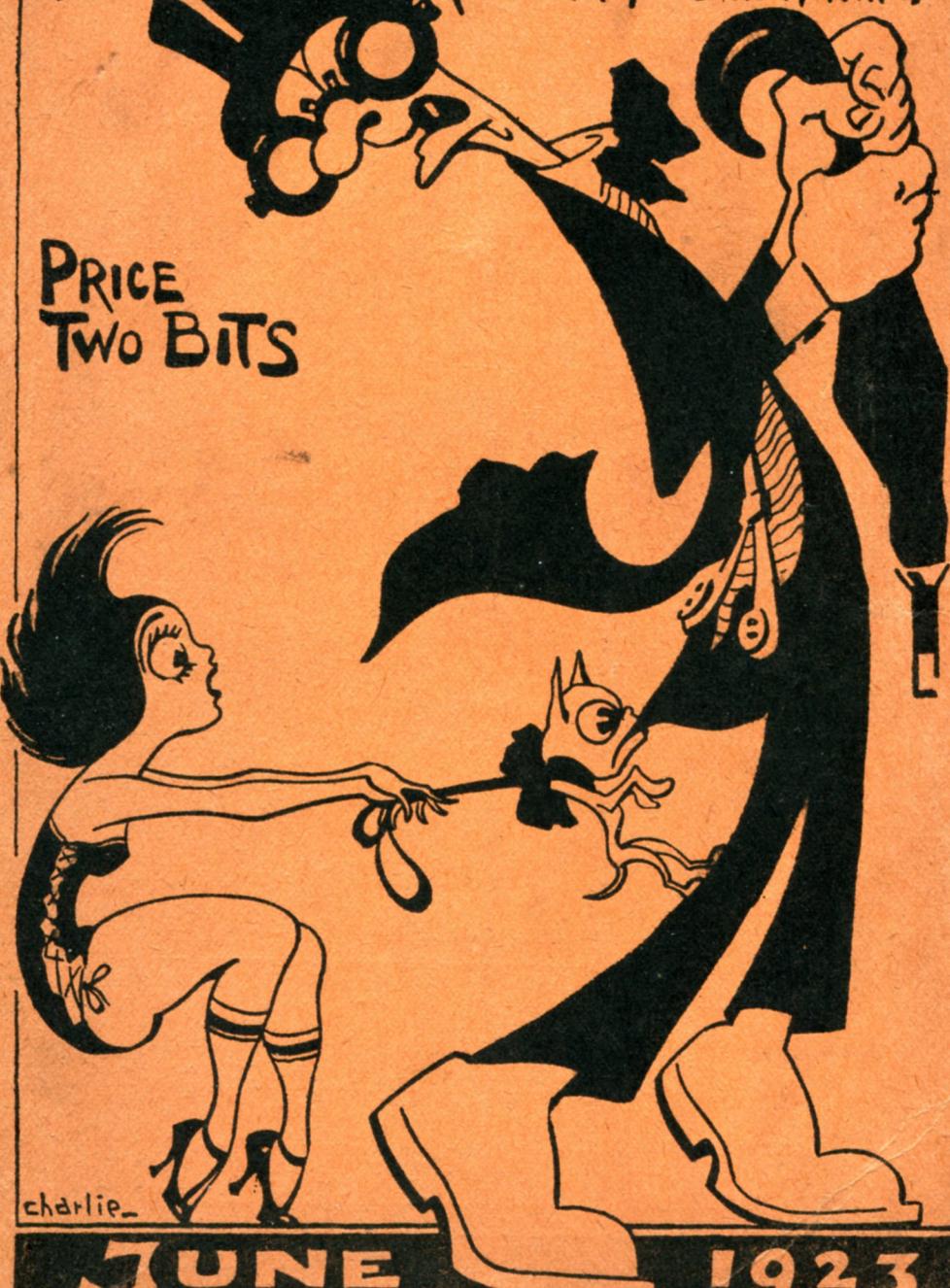


# HOT DOG

THE

REGULAR FELLOWS MONTHLY

PRICE  
TWO BITS



charlie-

JUNE

1923

# EASY MONEY FOR HOT DOG FANS

---

---

Dear Children:

How would you like to knock off some sweet small change all of a sudden?

No, my dears, I don't mean for you to marry a peg-legged widow.

Here's the low down:

I can put you in the way of fixing yourself up with a load of booze-money every week that you're not getting now.

It's just like this:

Has it ever occurred to you that getting subscriptions for the old DOG is easier than getting a chorus cutie next to a preacher?

Did you ever know that a lot of our HOT DOG pals are raking in fifty and a hundred dollars a month getting DOG subs just by working in their spare time?

Drop me a little note—

RIGHT NOW, DAMN YOU!

And I'll tell you all about it.

Your'n

JACK DINSMORE.

CLIP THE COUPON

Dear Jack:

Tell me all about it.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



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JACK DINSMORE, Editor

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VOL. 2

JUNE, 1923

No. 9



# One Hour of City Life

(In one flop and a cuspidor)

Scene: Hotel clerk's desk.

Time: 1 a. m. Anytime.

## Characters

Hotel Clerk

Minnie, the Honeymoon Wife

Sammy, the Honeymoon Husband



Sammy with Minnie parked under his wing, enters, goes to clerk, and expounds:

Sammy: We want a room with a little sun in it.

The Clerk: Sorry sir, but we only furnish the room.

Sammy: Give us a room with a bath then.

The Clerk: Nothing doing. (Looks Minnie over, remembers seeing her before) you're not married.

Minnie: Sure we are, here's the ring. Be a sport, fix us up with a room.

The Clerk: I don't want your ring; go get some BAGGAGE, then we'll talk business.

(Just then the Bellhops fall from off their perches into the cuspidors, which all in all makes a gorgeous finale.)



**The Pup: "And Mother Wanted Me to Be a Hunting Dog."**

# The Pastor of The Little Church Around the Corner

An Editorial by Jack Dinsmore



There recently died at the age of 70, Rev. Houghton, pastor of The Little Church Around the Corner.

I want to take a moment from the garish rush of my duties to lay my tribute before this sweet old cleric.

When I am in New York I often pass the moss-grown plot on 29th St. which contains The Little Church Around the Corner. I love the place with its tombstones breathing the dignity of death and its blessed quietness a half dozen doors from the roar of Fourth Avenue.

For the Rev. Houghton made of The Little Church Around the Corner a sanctuary for bruised souls.

It was a church whose worshippers consisted not of pharisaical deacons but of actresses and race track touts and stock-jobbers who came into its holy precincts for an hour at lunch time to commune with God.

I have never heard of the Rev. Houghton sponsoring anti-cigarette bills or lobbying for blue law measures.

He was simply the father of all the outcasts of Broadway.

---

#### From the Cleveland Tribune

The Woman's Civic Club met last Wednesday afternoon at Mrs. Gabfest's palatial gossip parlors. Tea and talk was served and an hour pleasantly spent.

Seven innocent girls were ruined; three wives were slandered, and four husbands were given their first reading. All departed declaring the new "young one" across the way dressed too well for the salary she receives at Woolworth's.

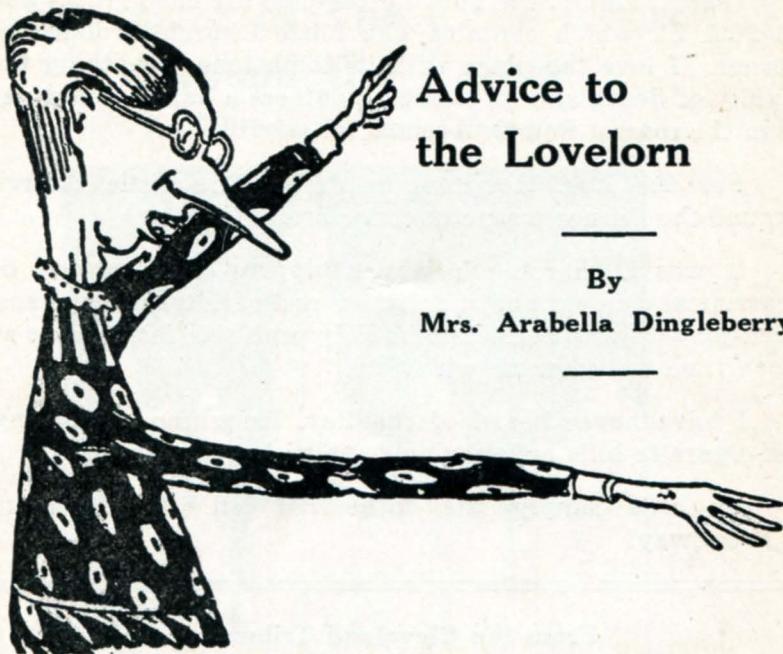
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#### WOW!

Kiss me now,  
Kiss me cunning;  
Kiss me quick,  
My daddy's coming.

---

A man whose wife has a twin sister should never grow careless.



## Advice to the Lovelorn

---

By  
**Mrs. Arabella Dingleberry**

---

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: My husband is sixty-two and I am twenty-one. What shall I get him for his birthday?—  
Flossie Flop.

**The complete works of Doctor Coue.**

---

**Sophie Soft: Put pepper in his pajamas.**

---

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: My wife annoys me terribly and I am often tempted to beat her. What is your advice?—  
Rudy the Truck Valet.

**Don't beat her, Rudy, it isn't prudent. Kick her in some spot where she won't be able to show it to the judge.**

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Do you think it will be O. K. for me to wear a rented bathing suit this summer?—Ruth Roundshape.

**That all depends on where the rent is, Ruth.**

---

**Innocent Inez: No, dear, I wouldn't do it that way.**

---

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: My sweet daddy always asks me to turn the lights out. What can be his reason?—Lotta Luff.

**He probably wants to keep you in the dark as to his intentions.**

---

**Dotty Dolly: You enjoyed it, didn't you?**

---

---

**Mr. Mangle says he found a restaurant the other day where you can get a steak so big that if it had horns you could milk it.**

---

---

**Mary is a classy girl,  
She wears expensive clothes;  
But how she pays the tailor's bills,  
The devil only knows.**

---

---

**Artist Charlie claims he belongs to the 400. He does.  
He's one of the ciphers.**

## A Prayer for Regular Fellows

Let me be a little kinder,  
Let me be a little blinder  
To the faults of those about me;  
Let me praise a little more;  
Let me be when I am weary,  
Just a little bit more cheery;  
Let me serve a little better  
Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver,  
When temptation bids me waver,  
Let me strive a little harder  
To be all that I should be;  
Let me be a little meeker  
With the brother who is weaker;  
Let me think more of my neighbor  
And a little less of me.

Let me be a little sweeter,  
Make my life a bit completer  
Just by doing what I should do  
Every minute of the day;  
Let me toil without complaining,  
Not a humble task disdaining,  
Let me face the summons calmly  
When death beckons me away.

---

---

Ignatz was strolling through the park with his girl. Shortly afterwards they found a secluded corner and they sat themselves upon a bench. The girl remarked, "You're not feeling well tonight, are you, honey?"

"Hell, I haven't started yet," was Ignatz's comeback.



(International Photo)

**LUCILLE MERTON**

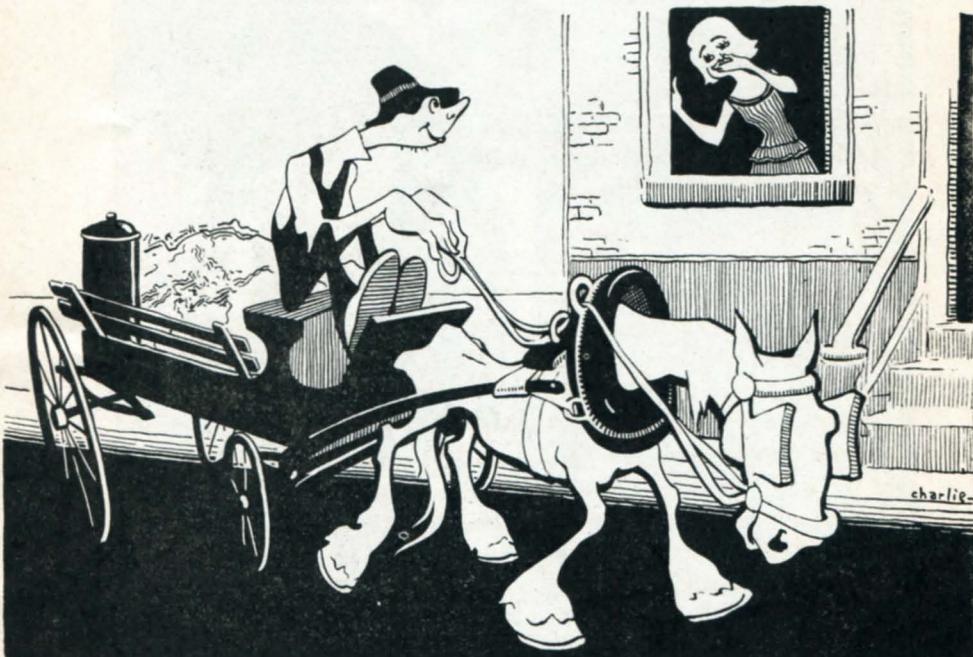
**At Manhattan Beach, Lucille demonstrated the necessity of open-work stockings for fair golf players.**

# The Garbage Man's Revenge

## A Fragrant Love Story

Sigmund O'Murphy was one of the huskiest individuals who ever bounced a refuse can against the rim of a Department of Street Cleaning limousine. For toying with the grapefruit shells and

maiden by the name of Etta Lott. Etta was as sweet as sugar and just as refined. She wore glove-silk underwear and measured ribbon in the second basement of a big department on Sixth Avenoo.



mingling with the coffee grounds, O'Murphy coppered six sturgeons a day.

He didn't dress like a Duke but he knew enough to take off his working clothes two blocks from his furnished room.

O'Murphy was in love with a

Like Sigmund she rented a pad in a furnished room.

After work O'Murphy would disinfect himself and run up to see Etta five nights a week out of six. He believed in lots of fresh air and knew there was no luxury tax on walking. Conse-

quently he spread Etta's dogs on the pavements of the big city.

The girl was tough, willing and didn't know any better until she met Marmaduke Von Ryan, one of the basement floor walkers.

Marmaduke was the clam's combination! He curled a cruel eyelash and always wore the best that twenty-five dollars could buy. He spotted Etta up on a ladder one day putting away some ribbons. Once he flashed her round garters he decided to give her a taxi ride to the Bronx.

Two weeks later Sigmund O'Murphy walked alone at night. Every time he called for Etta, the vulture who ran the boarding house trap said she was in bed with a sore throat. O'Murphy didn't approve of her choice of bedfellows, nevertheless he believed it until one day he saw Miss Lott rounding a corner in a Black and Yellow clicker. Something of the sex male was beside her.

Then Sigmund knew that Kipling was right and that no Woman could be trusted!

He figured it out. He could take this clown who was escorting Etta to Hades and cuff him;

but that would set him in bad with the gal. Beating the floor walker up wouldn't give him anything but the atmosphere.

Sig decided to wait.

One night, after a tough time rassling with the cans, O'Murphy went up to the boarding house. The Sheba in charge told him Etta had a slight touch of typhoid.

But this was rain and a duck's back for the garbage collector.

"One side, Woman!" O'Murphy snarled.

He rushed up the stairs and hurled open Miss Lott's bedroom door. Etta was *en dishabille* as they say up on Montmartre. On Times Square the same thing means *nothing much*.

"What do you mean by busting in here without giving me a bell?" Etta hissed.

O'Murphy laughed.

"Listen! I've got a pair of tickets for the Garbage Men's Ball for next Saturday night up at Insanity Hall! Be ready at nine o'clock."

"For a fact?" Miss Lott sneered. "Ain't that amusing? I got a date for the same night

---

**It is common office comment that Councilman Kraut is as hard as nails—from the head up.**

with my Marmaduke. We're going to the theatre—to see Lester Fester in "*Esther Kester!*"

Sigmund shook a few lemon seeds out of his hair and laughed again.

"Etta, I and you was pretty good pals until this tube of *nux vomica* cut in. I don't want to hurt you but if you and I don't strut our stuff Saturday night I'll smack you now so you'll never forget it!"

Adam's rib hurled him a dazzling smile.

"On second thought," she cooed, I always did like you the best, Sig—you dizzy dear. This taxicab riding is the bunk. We start out in a Black and Yellow and I come home Black and Blue. And Marmaduke is positively abysmal!"

Now for the revenge!

O'Murphy got Von Ryan's address from Etta and scratched it on the sweat-band of his hat as he absently removed a piece of watermelon-rind from his hip pocket.

"Now I must away!" he yelped. "Kiss me 'ere I go!"

"Oh, you glorious brute—you

hairy ape!" Etta Lott hollered when O'Murphy had her in a rib-crusher.

The next morning he spoke to several of the crew on the truck. His fellow refuse-removers said they were willing to the last pin down. At this O'Murphy chuckled.

Honey was sweet but revenge was sweeter!

On the night of the Garbage Men's Ball Sig shook off a few potato peels, some other foreign matter, and took a bath. Then he hurled himself into a rented Tux and went up to the address Etta had handed him.

It was a flat house in a filthy neighborhood.

Sig rang the bell on the top floor. Marmaduke opened the door. The floor walker was dressing for the theatre, never dreaming Mistress Lott had written him off.

"What can I do for you?" he lisped.

"I'm a collector!" O'Murphy explained, planting one of his feet in the door.

"Mercy, how intensely inter-

---

Some of these bluenoses are so low that they'd have to chin themselves on the curbstone to be able to get their minds out of the gutter.

esting!" Marmaduke exclaimed. "But tell me, my good fellow, what do I owe you?"

"Just this!" O'Murphy retorted, slamming over a left that was more deadly than carbolic.

*Yam!*

Marmaduke disappeared thru the window.

The Ball at Insanity Hall was a social success. Sigmund and Etta danced until her pups were in rags. They gave the refreshment parlor a play and lapped up a little liniment.

At four o'clock in the morning the President of the Garbage Union arose to make a speech.

"Ladies and what are with you!" he bawled. "For your approval we are ending this little affair tonight with a tableau entitled *The Spirit of Garbage*. Thanks for this suggestion must go to Comrade O'Murphy!"

The orchestra played a patriotic melody. The curtain on a little stage at the rear of the hall went up. There, on a gilt throne, stood a galvanized refuse can tastefully decorated with baby Irish lace.

A big Turk who wore a crown and was King Garbage stepped forward and smote the receptacle with his sceptre.

"Arise, sweet spirits of egg-shells!" he yelped. "Arise, before the Brethren of the D. C. give you a lift!"

There was a slight movement among the husks. From over the brim of the can rose a head—finally a face. The occupant of the vessel sat up and pushed a few cantaloupes to one side.

"How sweetly the nightingale sings at twilight!" Marmaduke Von Ryan mumbled. "How soft sighs the evening breeze among the corn and cans!"

That's where he landed when Sig hit him!

Hysterical, the crowd went Kookoo. O'Murphy had to take Etta into the foyer so she could ease up on the stays. It was at least twenty minutes before she stepped out of it.

"Baby," Sig said, "it's getting late. I've got a Black and Yellow waiting down at the door to take us home. But before we go tell me this. What did you think of the Ball?"

"Sweetie," Etta hollered, "it was like your feet—immense! And wasn't that table d'hote funny? If anybody asks me what kind of a time I had tonight I'm going to tell them the truth. THE BALL WAS CERTAINLY A SWILL AFFAIR!"

## The Irrational Reform Bureau

**Excerpts From the Correspondence Files of the Rev. Dr.  
Sliver O. Limburger, Recently Deceased**

Dear Doc:—

The cigarettes my husband smokes are fierce! Yesterday, two members of the Tuesday Mother's Club got so sick they busted up the meeting. What's to be done?

Mrs. Nick O. Time.

Buy a six-shooter and tell the jury he talked in his sleep and called you Fannie, but your name is Doris. After that, buy your own.

Reverend Sir:—

I am a recent graduate of the Depression School of Theology, and am now holding my first charge, but daily fear that I will not long continue to hold it. Every time a sweet young thing flits into my study, I nearly go Kookoo, and long to act like a human being. Is there any hope?

Rev. Theo. Logg.

None whatever. Nobody that ever feels like a human being should go in for reform.

My Dear, Dear Rev. Limburger,  
and then some:—

I am a mean little baby of about eighteen summers, and am now in my last year in high school. My school work

---

**"Her heart was cold—but he had money to burn."**

bothers me, especially my astronomy. Could you help me, some afternoon?

Sweet Sue.

Of course, my dear, I would be keeping you from your work to see me during the afternoon. But if you could come around some evening, I should be glad to help you with your Nature Study.

Dear Limmy, old smell:—

The boys of the class of 1883 at Yahoo College are planning a little celebration for the fortieth class anniversary. Come to the back door and rap three times until some one says: "Are you a policeman?"

Your old pal,

R. A. Rah.

I gotchya, Kid!

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**SPIRITUALISTIC SLOGAN**

**Millions now living are dead already.**

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**Our cow don't give milk so we sold him.**

---

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**In a few years the only hard drink available will be ice.**

---

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**It's a long, long road that has no company walking home.**

## Mary Met a Poppa-Guy

(Jazbo DeVinney busts into poetry)

Mary met a poppa-guy,  
His bank account was big,  
And he was old and fat, but gay;  
He likewise wore a wig.

He went with her to a cafe,  
And sat down in a chair,  
And said: "You are a charming girl,  
You have such lovely hair!"

"Your figure is so neat and nice!  
I'd like to treat you right,  
Where shall we go from here, my dear?  
What shall we do tonight?"

They danced; they dined; he paid the check,  
Although he shuddered first.  
"Gosh! How she ate!" he muttered low,  
"She has an awful thirst!"

"Let's take a taxi now," said she,  
They rode for ninety feet,  
He took her hand—she swung her left—  
His dreams were long and sweet.

An hour later he awoke,  
He gave a moan, a groan,  
He looked around, and then he found,  
That he was quite alone.

In an apartment far away,  
Was Mary, neat and trig,  
And on her bureau was a watch,  
Some banknotes. and—a wig!



**PATSY RUTH MILLER**  
The dimpled beauty who plays in  
Goldwyn Pictures.

# The Guy, The Kale and The Instinct

By Little Ignatz, the Hot Dog Shipping Clerk

A Fable With a Moral

Once upon a time there was a Hard Guy whose papa had struck oil and died.



This Bozo inherited from his Pa two things—a Wad of Kale and a Philandering Instinct.

He used the Kale to satisfy the Instinct.

He had the Profile of a Vaseline, the Figure of a Man's Clothing Model and the Clothes of a King—and when he got Dolled Up in his Fussing Duds, the Dames fell for him like Eve fell for the Well-Known Fruit.

Janes, Ladies, Skirts, Vamps, Gold-diggers and Professionals, Sunday-School-Sisters and Married Mammas, Nurses and Chambermaids, Scrub-women and Society Spellbinders—they all flopped sooner or later.

In short, this Hard-boiled Bimbo had a Way with the Women. For a Rough-neck, he was Some Necker. He could Fuss, Pet, Spoon, Smootch, or Play Around with Anything in Corsets.

He traveled from East to West and West to East leaving behind him a trail of Forlorn Females with Broken Hearts.

Then one bright morning this Bright Bird decided it was time for him to settle down and take the Ball and Chain.

So he looked through his Card Index for the name of a Fair Female who could not be Corrupted.

In all his list he found only One Jane whose name did not have a check mark after it. Her name was Laura, and she was Some Queen. She'd had him Buffaloed the last time he saw her, and he hadn't even tried to Fire the Boilers because he felt sure that no matter how much Steam he might get up, he couldn't Make the Grade.

She was on the under side of twenty, as Lovely as Liquor and Alluring as a Well-spent Night.

But he had her Figured for a Frost—you know, one of

---

The next song on the program is dedicated to the ladies and was written with the Key to a Flat, entitled, "Her face has saved her many a kiss."

these Damsels who wouldn't say Darn on a Dare, and who wore Two Pairs of Garters to be sure Nothing would Slip.

Well, our Handsome Hero went back and Paid Court to Lovely Laura.

He decided that he would Pretend to be a Gentleman.

He even went so far as to Propose to her—and she asked a day or two to think it over.

That night, as he was driving her home from a dance over a lonely road, the engine died.

There was nothing to do but wait till morning.

Imagine a Hard-boiled Egg on a Dark Road at Midnight with a Delicious Dame in a Stalled Sedan!

And don't forget that Our Hero had inherited an Instinct.

But here, for once in his life, he decided to Play the Game fair and square. He vowed he would be a Gentleman.

"If you will give me the Extra Blanket," he said, gallantly, "I will Sleep by the Roadside."

"You poor fish!" says she. "I'll never marry you! I thought you didn't have any Guts—now I know it. I Jimmied the Engine before we started, so it would be sure to Stall. I've got my opinion of any Bozo who turns out Useless with a dark night and a Warmy Baby on his hands. No sir, Iceberg Ike, no wedding bells for me!"

That's why our Husky Hero never Paid the Parson.

What became of him?

Why, he went on using the Kale to satisfy the Instinct.

---

---

**Drunk:** I'll pay his fare.

**Conductor:** Where is he?

**Drunk:** He didn't get on.



(Keystone Photo)

**MISS YVONNE HUGHES**

**She is a niece of Secretary of State Hughes and is now  
playing in "Robin Hood." It's a  
great family.**

# Hot Dog Fairy Tales

By Genius Balzoff

## NO. 2. SHIMMYSHAKE

Snugly nestled in the South Seas, lie the Illicit Islands.

They are inhabited by broads only, the Jazmor tribe.

—a little fat, but that makes it all the better. She was not designed for willowy grace, but service.

She is like a Mack truck—not



These wrens are ruled by Queen Shimmyshake. She is no caster lily, still she's pretty neat

much to look at, but a bear for action.

These dames are ordinarily

peaceful, but when they are aroused, they make the German army look like a tiddle-de-winks tournament.

When Pop Fiam of New York got peeved at his only son, he handed the kid the hardest job on earth. This was to swipe the girdle of the queen of the Jazmors. His son, Satis, was quite put out.

"For the love of Mike, Pop," he belly-ached, "be reasonable. When the frails wear as little as they do nowadays, don't ask me to swipe the girdle that holds up their only. Especially when the Jane has a right like Shimmy-shake's."

"You hold me, Cocky," said Pop. "Now beat it."

So Satis picked up his dogs and headed for the Illicit Islands with a shake of his head and a package of Uneedas.

When he reached Peppup, the Jazmor Boston, he met his first Jazmor. Satis Fiam began to laugh.

"Haw-haw and a tee-hee," he chuckled, "this is a new one. I've seen full-chested, flat-chested, round-chested, thin-chested, long-

chested, chicken-chested and funny chested broilers in my day, but I never before saw a lop sided broad. Where's the right half of your front, young squab?"

"Listen, Cocky," she sizzled, "you're too darn fresh. That's cut off so I can shoot the bow and arrow better. You'll find I'm there at it, too, if you don't shut your trap."

"Show me the queen bee, kiddo, and pipe down," spills Satis.

He was brought before Shimmyshake, the Jazmor Queen. She seemed well fed, but she had a hungry look. Satis knew he was in for it. As he looked over the husky duck, he decided discretion was the better part of valor. That doll made Jack Dempsey look like Tom Thumb.

"Ah, there, Pretty Baby," blarneyed Satis, "accept the greetings of your humble servant."

"Aw right," grumbled Shimmyshake. "Now that you got that off your system, what d'yuh want?"

"Naught but the privilege of viewing your wondrous charms," purred Satis.

The old girl thawed like an icicle on a hot griddle.

---

**Household hint: Keep ice in the jar so the goldfish don't sweat.**

"Rubber ahead," oozed Shimmyshake. "Young squirt, you talk like a politician."

"Not so much," he syruped, "I am merely an admirer of beauty. And I might say that in ten years of service on Cook's Tours, I've never seen your match."

The queen softened up like a baldheaded goof with a blonde actressine.

"Thanks, old dear," breezed Shimmyshake. "I'll admit you ain't no Ben Turpin, yourself."

"A thousand thanks, Sweet Mama. But Beautiful, may I make a suggestion?"

"Pardon me. Mamie," she called to a maid, "bring on some hootch."

Refreshments were served. They oiled up eleven or twelve times.

---

---

"But Sweet Shimmyshake," whispered Satis, "the suggestion I was about to make was that you stop hiding from the world the beauty of your figure. Why not lay aside the gown? Why not let your light shine forth?"

"Oh, Satis, now you stop," she blushed.

"But does the pheasant hide its glory under cotton robes? Does the lioness conceal her splendor under silks?"

"All right, Satis. I'll do it. On one condition."

"Name it."

"That you marry me."

"Guaranteed."

She released her girdle and cast aside her robe. All that was left on in the way of wearing apparel was her shredded wheat B. V. D.'s.

Satis made love and oily promises to the queen for an hour run-

### KISSING SONG

**Roses are red,  
Violets are blue.  
Take it from me  
Or I'll take it from you.**

---

---

**The difference between a chorus girl and a society dame is that the latter displays the upper half.**

ning, incidentally slipping the girdle into his kick.

While Shimmyshake dropped off into a snooze, he beat it.

He brought the girdle back to the Old Man, who used it as a

hood-cover for the family Lizzie.

When interviewed by a reporter for the Daily Yap, Satis made the following statement:

"You can catch more flies with molasses than with poison."

---

**H A V E   Y O U   E V E R   S E E N   T H I S   A D ?****BENEFIT BASEBALL GAME****K. K. K. vs. K. of C.****July 4th**

Benefit of  
Jewish Relief  
Assn.

Game to be played  
at the colored

**Y. M. C. A. Diamond**

**Price 99 cents**

---

Reggie always rode in taxis;  
William in the trolley car,  
Phyllis had to choose between them—  
Which one got her?—Right you are!

---

Charlie Horse is so lazy that a running nose is his only sign of activity.

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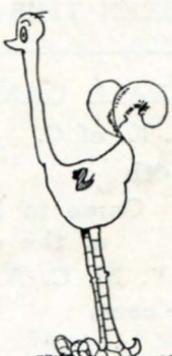
**THE HEIGHT OF FUTILITY**

**Rolled stockings under long skirts.**

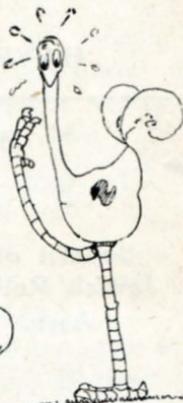
## SCIENCE NOTES

By Mr. Balzoff

## 1. How to Mount an Ostrich

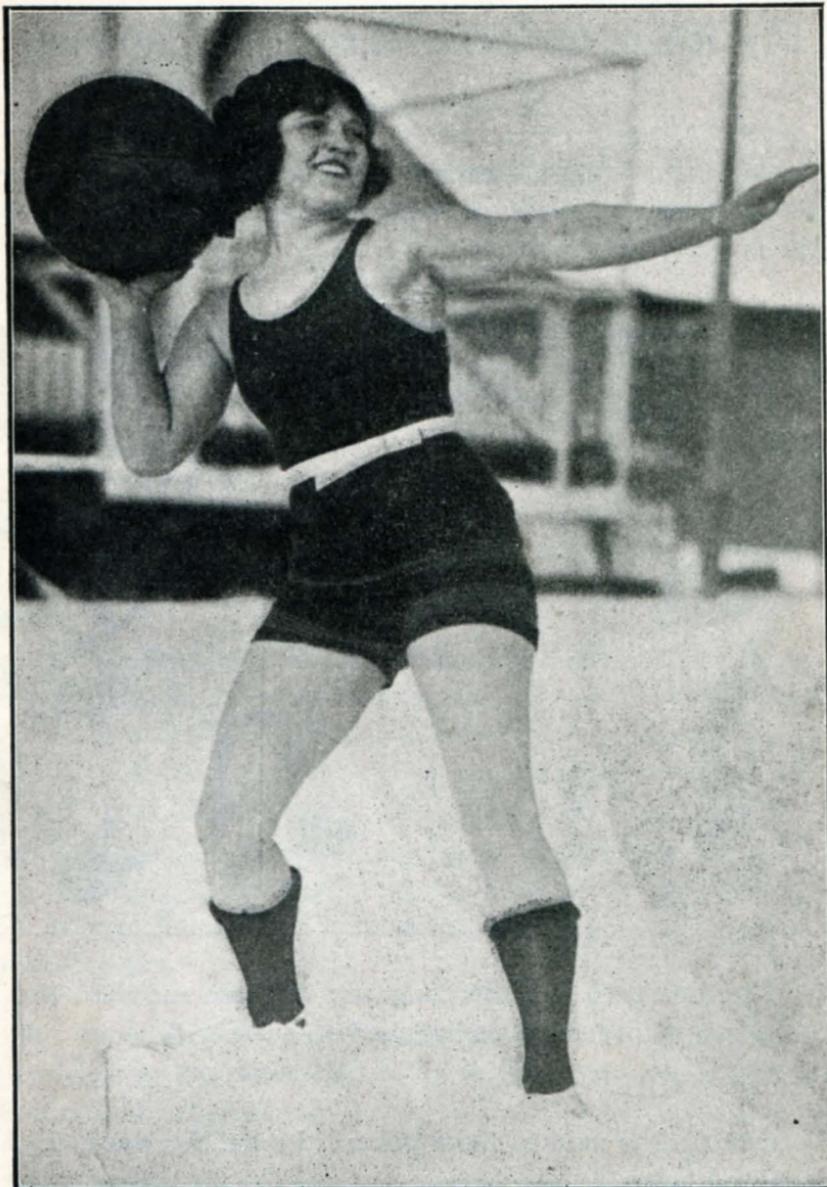


ALL OTHER METHODS FAILING -



INFLATE A TOY BALLOON AND-

BURST VIOLENTLY ENOUGH TO  
INSPIRE FEAR IN THE OSTRICH  
WHO WILL BEGIN TO HIDE HISHEAD. MOUNT WHEN  
BIRD HAS BORED TO  
A CONVENIENT DEPTH.



(International Photo)

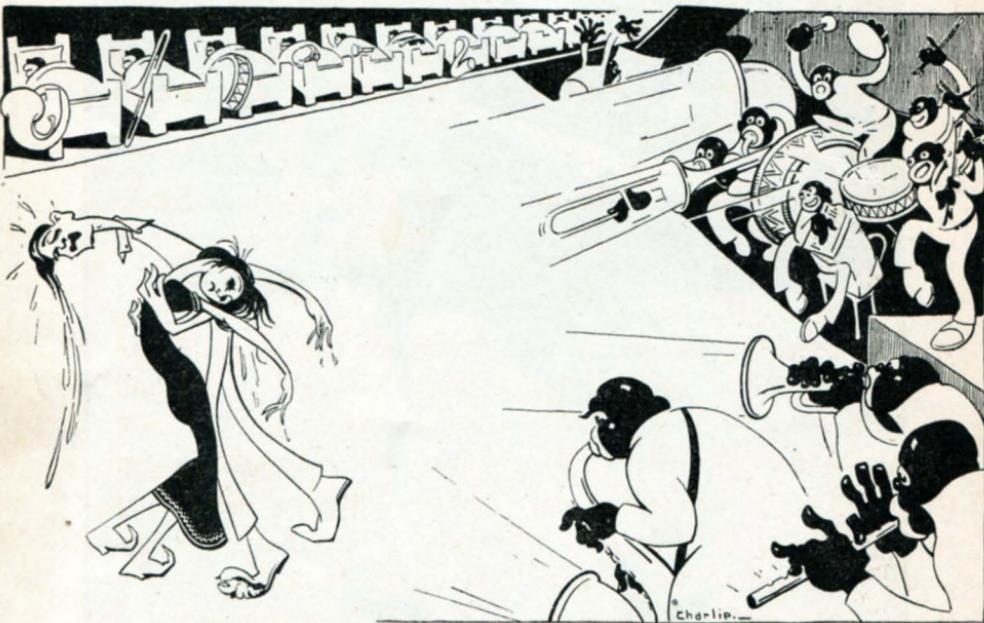
**IDA SCHNALL**

**Famous Physical Culture beauty is taking advantage in  
this way of the last snows of the year.**

# My Ideas on Long Distance Dancing

By Jazbo DeVinney

Well, the lounge lizards have gone and invented a new sport. It is the most cuckoo racket any two legged bimbo ever dragged on the market.



The idea is to see how long any of these red neck-tied buckos can whiz some broad around on a dance floor without stopping to get any sleep or get a half a can on.

One frail is said to have put on the act for more than a hundred hours.

The stories are that the boys with the trick side whiskers can't stand the gaff at this game as long as the dizzy janes

---

and that the skirts wear out half a dozen such pan-handlers before the game is over.

Can you imagine a nuttier idea than shimmying around on a bare floor to the tune of a tonsolitis talking machine hour after hour just to get your mug and your moniker in the papers?

One hash-slinger wore out a couple dozen pairs of socks, two or three pairs of shoes or pumps and her dogs were so sore and swollen up when she got through that she couldn't stand up for a week.

If only a few of these bozos would flop over and cash in soon after the nutty program had started they soon would stop it.

The fishes who started the phony bunkum of playing a piano in a store window for a world's record were bad enough. Goofs who should have been in the nut house would stand out on the street and peek through the windows at one and two o'clock in the morning to see the simp rattle off a piece of rag on the music machine. If any bull had any sense he would have copped these night owls and rushed them to the can and the dogface at the piano should get a hundred years.

But now they have the skirted fairies showing about as much sense as a guy trying to live long enough to get a kick out of a wood alcohol highball.

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**The soda fountains have not yet created any great poets.**

The blue noses of the country are so darned smart and so darned busy about petty moving pictures and other things good for a he-man why don't they step in and put the works on this racket and stop these chafed janes from making bigger asses of themselves? Why don't they copper the he-fairies who sick the skirts on?

Wrestling, prize fighting and baseball are bad enough, but here is something these bums call sport that is beyond the limit.

Boy, bring in a new quart of hooch while the old man gets himself in some sort of shape so that he can see the funny side of it.

Can you imagine it? Frowzy old tarts foxtrotting around for a world's record hour after hour in these days when it is against the law to get a drink of real liquor, run off a few thrills in a moving picture, and in some places to read your paper on Sunday.

Gimme gas and gimme it quick.

Hot Dawg.

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**The meanest guy we've heard of is the bozo that will play solitaire with marked cards.**

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**Ignatz's girl calls him Lollypop, because she thinks he's a sucker.**



International Photo.

**SO THIS IS PARIS!**

**Yep, part of Paris—one of the best parts—Mlle. Tikanowa,  
famous dancing beauty of the  
French capital.**

## A Fair Exchange

A faithless young lover once said to his lass,  
 "My dear, you have beauty, rare charm, and much class,  
 I hope you won't anger, and give me the sack,  
 If I plant on your rose-lips one little smack."

"My affection is precious," replied the young thing,  
 "I don't often give it, unless there's a ring;  
 Yet love is a bargain—so this is my hunch:  
 You take a smack and I'll take a punch!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF HOT DOG. Published monthly at Cleveland, Ohio, for April 1, 1923.

State of Ohio,      County of Cuyahoga      ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles Rothman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Hot Dog and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Merit Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio; Editor, David J. Gordon, Cleveland, Ohio; Managing Editor, David J. Gordon, Cleveland, Ohio; Business Manager, Charles Rothman, Cleveland, Ohio.

That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) The Merit Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio; Charles Rothman, Cleveland, Ohio; David J. Gordon, Cleveland, Ohio.

That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owing or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (REQUIRED FOR DAILY PUBLICATIONS ONLY).

CHARLES ROTHMAN,

Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of April, 1923.

A. KOHRMAN

(My commission expires Nov. 22, 1923)

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**An optimist is a hatchet-faced spinster of forty-six  
who wears silk underwear.**

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**My idea of an experienced  
boarder is one who can tell  
whether it is coffee or soup.**

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